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graduate from P. H. S.*

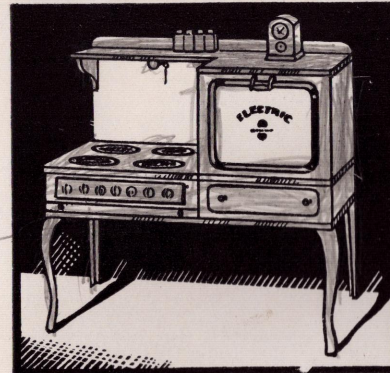
All the previous classes bought their suits at Rosenfeld's but since Rosenfeld's has added a complete haberdashery this Spring, this year's class can buy not only their suits but everything they wear from their socks up. And as far as price is concerned, everything is much lower, and you're sure of the right style at Rosenfeld's.

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CLOTHES SHOP

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THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

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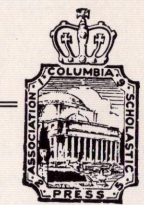


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Spring

Nature calls you; quickly answer,
And her lessons learn anew;
Her near magic, power, and glory
Every year return to you.

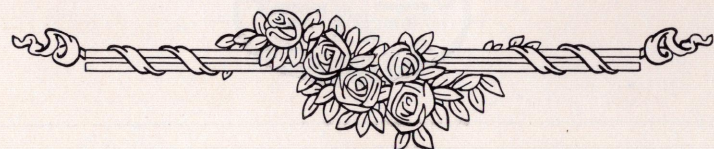
In the woods mayflowers are springing;
Clear and sunny is the air;
Listen—how the birds are singing!
Spring is coming everywhere.

On the fence rail swings the bluebird,
And o'er all the rusty fields,
Clear and sweet his notes are sounding;
Happiness to Spring he yields.

And the robin, in the door yard
Of some rambling cottage home
Trills a message to its inmates
Telling them that Spring has come.

Thus o'er all the world comes gladness
In our hearts new songs we sing
And to Nature's call we're yielding
In the coming of the Spring.

Barbara Blake '32



An Innobation

NO records in the files of *The Student's Pen* reveal the fact that the teachers of Pittsfield High School in previous years staged a play and presented its proceeds to a School Activities Fund, as the faculty recently did. For the first time since any of us entered P. H. S., the instructors have taken the initiative and shown their students what school spirit is, instead of telling us as the usual practice has hitherto been. They spent many weeks planning and rehearsing a difficult production and presented it with success.

The faculty play had a double significance: the profits derived from its presentation will permit the school to purchase what could not be secured by the school department in carrying on the more expensive extra-curricular activities; and it has destroyed an ancient tradition that the students enjoy but two social affairs each term.

Since the school committee does not sanction the conducting of more than four school parties a year, the students of P. H. S. have had only the Junior Prom and the Senior Play to look forward to.

In a school of fifteen hundred students, there should be more social affairs regardless of whether the institution is located in Boston or Pittsfield. Private clubs are sponsoring dances and profiting by the attendance of high school boys and girls. If the 'Varsity Club or any other of our organizations could hold three or four such affairs in the gym, each term, there would be enough money to buy athletic equipment, engage musical artists, or secure other educational features. Such an event could be under the auspices of a sophomore class, giving the leaders among the newcomers an opportunity to show their ability and to make contacts with their schoolmates.

Although we may not be able to look forward to annual faculty plays, it is hoped that the recent activity of the teachers will tend to incite other school groups to undertake similar projects with the same spirit, and for the same purpose.

Edward Michelson

Is Latin Necessary?

SENIORS who contemplate matriculation in higher institutions in September are now carefully perusing catalogs to learn the admission requirements of colleges and universities. Many a student has discovered that the latest editions of some catalogs do not demand three years' study of Latin. Amherst, Williams, and Harvard are among those schools which require such preparation but it is possible to enter Yale and several other large schools with two units credit in a modern language, instead.

To the student who finds Latin difficult, there is occasion for joy in that so many college presidents are becoming practical. He need not struggle through Caesar and Cicero with the aid of a two dollar trot or private tutoring. He has an opportunity to study French, German, or Spanish: subjects which might be of far greater benefit to him. If he is in the same category as those who are brilliant in mathematics but slow in liberal arts studies, he can enter a technical school without fear of being barred because of his standing in Latin. With the increasing sentiment among younger educators that Latin, as a compulsory subject for entrance to colleges, should be dropped, the poor Latin student is safe to undertake what he likes and to be a happier and more useful member of his school.

The bright scholar is not affected by the changes in requirements. Those who have taken a course in Latin, and have attained high marks in all their studies need have no fear in gaining admission to the coveted schools. They also have the necessary training to get into Harvard and other universities which have not "reformed." By pursuing a classical curriculum, one has an opportunity to obtain positions with great business firms that are seeking men and women who have had the intensive mental training derived from a collegiate course in Latin.

While it may be possible in the future to enter any American university without the qualifications now necessary in the institutions with the highest standards of scholarship, Latin will continue to be an integral part of the high school schedule since it will always be accepted by Directors of Admissions as an elective.

The Editor



STUDENT FORUM

To the Editor:

I noticed in a recent edition of "Pen Points" that the Senior A's are planning to issue a year book instead of a commencement issue of the *Student's Pen*. After reading the item, I wondered if the class really understands what they are doing in deciding against a commencement issue of the *Student's Pen* and instituting the plan of the year book. I have decided that the majority of the two hundred and forty-two Senior A's did not clearly understand what they were doing or they would not have voted in favor of the year book.

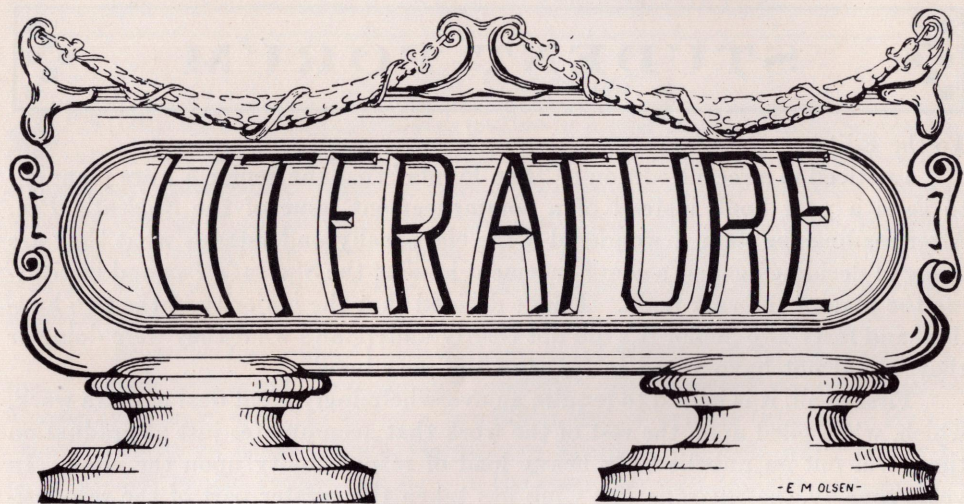
First of all, it is bound to require an overwhelmingly great deal of extra work, which, when piled upon the rest of the work that accumulates just at graduation time, will put an unbelievably heavy load of responsibility upon the class. In years gone by, the *Student's Pen* Club has taken the greater part of the responsibility of printing a graduation publication and has always produced a magazine in every respect as good as the one or two year books that have been edited in the history of the school.

The greatest item in favor of a commencement issue of the *Student's Pen* is that of its comparatively low expense of publication and its extremely moderate selling cost. As I understand it from reliable information, the outlay of the truly staggering sum of eight hundred dollars is planned by the Senior A class. This sum, when put into the making of a year book, will inevitably boost the cost per copy so high that it will be out of reach of the pocketbooks of the vast majority of the undergraduates. The *Student's Pen*, on the other hand, can be printed at a price so much more reasonable that the weekly dues together with not more than one hundred dollars from the class treasury will pay for the printing, and thus make it available to every student in the school. It certainly ought to be kept in mind that in these times of depression the difference between a dollar, the estimated cost of the year book, and twenty-five cents, the cost per copy of *The Student's Pen*, is felt much more keenly than ever. It seems to me that these facts alone ought to be enough to dissuade the Seniors from editing a year book.

The Senior A's may ask why the undergraduates should be considered at all in this discussion. It is easily answered when one stops to think that, after all, the graduation exercises are the grand finale of the school year and are naturally and rightly the interest of the whole school. Then too, the Senior A's plan to defray their great expenses largely thru the sale of copies among the undergraduates. Therefore, it is evident that the student body must be taken into consideration, and a publication at a reasonable cost must be offered.

The logical deductions from the facts of the matter are simple, and contrary to the course the Seniors plan to take. It seems to me that the graduation publication ought to be within the reach of the entire student body and not of the Senior A's alone, and, since the high cost of a year book makes it available only to a few, the Senior A's ought to sponsor a commencement issue of *The Student's Pen* whose low cost makes it possible for everyone to share a bit in the fun and excitement of graduation.

Respectfully yours,
Robert Morrison, P. G.



Like Uncle, Like Nephew

(SYNOPSIS OF PART I)

Robert Walters, a young, unemployed New Yorker who is in desperate need of money, comes as a last resort to his uncle in the little provincial town of Redwood, Ohio. His uncle, Samuel Richards, is a small-town lawyer, a sour, gruff, old man. At first he is very reluctant to help his nephew, but Robert, in his anxiety for a job, promises to do anything at all, and suddenly Lawyer Richards turns to the young man and says sharply, "Listen."

"This man Jones owes me \$500. It is a personal debt and he's owed it to me for ten years. I can't bring it up to court because there were no witnesses. I have no proof. I lost the I. O. U. and he knows it. Knew it ten years ago. He's a mean man, Robert, and never would pay if he wasn't made to. And he's got it. Lots more than that, too."

Robert could hardly blame a man for keeping \$500 if he could, but refrained from saying so. What he did say was logical enough.

"How can I make him pay if there isn't any proof?" The gleam in Lawyer Richards' eye turned a trifle scornful.

"That's your lookout. You're not a lawyer. I am. My way didn't work. I tried and gave up ten years ago. Now go to it. If you get that \$500, Robert," the old man leaned forward, "you can keep it."

There were no Redwoodians on Main Street to witness Robert Walters' return to the Redwood Hotel, but if there were, they would have concluded that his mysterious visit to Lawyer Richards' office had not tended to change his mood. He trudged through the snow wearily, his eyes on the ground as he reflected on the cruel fate that had brought him to that cruel little town. To him, Mr. Jones symbolized all Redwoodians, and his uncle led his mental view of a procession of hard hearted, mean beasts that were all Mr. Joneses.

He thought over the interview just past. Why couldn't his uncle be human? Why did he act like that? But, after all, what had he expected? He had asked for a job, and he had it. But what a job! What was this Jones person like, anyway? Probably like the rest of the stupid, curious people who had haunted him

all morning. How had his uncle happened to lend money to anyone, anyway? He, who would not help out his own nephew! And he had lost the I. O. U.! His uncle was shrewd—very shrewd. How had he happened to let such a thing occur?

With such disquieting thoughts, and in such a frame of mind, did Robert Walters drag himself listlessly into the plain ugly room of Redwood's only hotel that night. Thus he spent the long, dreary winter evening in lonely solitude and thought. However, the trip had been tedious, the events of the day trying, and Robert was young, so that it was after very little tossing and turning that he fell fast asleep, when at last he retired.

The next morning broke to mock the gloomy spirit of the New Yorker in Redwood. The chaste whiteness of the vast outside was glamorously glorified by the ironical pale golden sun that even made the staid white hotel bedroom take on a certain delicate beauty. The countless sparkling diamonds on the snow outside his window dazzled Robert as he looked out at Redwood, and, in spite of himself he drank in some of the great cheer and happiness that flowed so freely on the thin winter sunbeams.

As he went forth on his momentous mission, however, he lost most of his newly-acquired good cheer, and when he approached Mr. Jones' dwelling, his old pessimism returned full force.

The house of Mr. Jones was merely one of the many such houses seen in Redwood. Its size and shape were identical with the other little homes that Robert had seen that morning, but a discriminating observer would notice that the white paint was rather soiled and that the walks in front of it were unshoveled. This was unusual in that clean little town.

When Robert rang the rusty old bell on the door, he was surprised by the loud, resounding ring that he heard inside. In spite of it, however, he rang three times before his efforts were rewarded. After the third time he heard a shuffling of feet, and Mr. Jones opened the door.

The real Mr. Jones did not seem nearly so bad as Robert's mental picture of him. He was a large man whose every feature and aspect spoke of laziness. He came to the door in his shirt sleeves and bedroom slippers, and his hair was very obviously uncombed. Yet, by his impatience, it was easily seen that, if angered, Mr. Jones might become rather vicious.

Robert did not wait for him to speak. "Mr. Jones?" he asked.

"Yes." Mr. Jones answered rather unpleasantly. Evidently he had been unwillingly disturbed.

"Er—may I step in? It's rather cold out here." Robert's tone was authoritative. He had decided the night before that he had better act sharply and boldly in order to keep his adversary from doing the same with him. "Play him at his own game," he had put it.

"Now, Mr. Jones," the young man began as he turned to the suspicious eyes of his unwelcoming host after he had entered and closed the door. "I am Robert Walters, nephew of Lawyer Samuel Richards of this—er—city." Robert wished he could have further impressed his uncle's client by handing him a printed card, but he had none. "Mr. Jones, I am here to collect the money you owe my uncle—

that you've owed him for ten years." It seemed hopelessly silly as he said it. His eyes were exactly on a level with those of his opponent, and as he looked at them, the suspicion vanished and amusement and derision took their place.

"Listen, go back and tell your uncle—"

"Now Mr. Jones, the law—"

"The law! What has the law got to do with it? Young feller, go wan. I'm busy. Go and tell your uncle I can't be bothered. Ten years is so long I can't remember. G'bye."

Robert turned to go. What else could he do? As he turned to leave, he stepped on a hard little object lying on the floor. He looked down and kicked it out of his way.

Outside in the brisk, cold air, he took a long breath and stopped to think. The crazy fool had treated him like a common messenger boy. "Young feller, go back and tell your uncle—" There was his five hundred dollars gone. He had known it was useless. So that was the person to whom his uncle had so generously lent five hundred dollars. How in the world—Suddenly the dejected look of failure fled from Robert's face. An idea had flashed across his mind—a veritable inspiration. That little object that he had stepped on—it had been one of a pair of dice. Then vague, hazy tales, so hazy that they were very doubtful, stepped forth from his subconscious mind and served him well. They were but dim memories that faded like a flickering star that disappears when one stares at it awhile; yet they were important, for they told of his uncle's being a great gambler when he was young. It was a slim possibility, but it would account for his uncle's fear of bringing the case into court. At least circumstances could be no worse than they were, for he himself was extremely deft at throwing the little squares. Suddenly he remembered something his uncle had said: "You're not a lawyer. That's your lookout. Go to it." He turned around and rang the rusty old bell once more.

This time he rang five times before any effect was produced. Finally, however, a very irritated and disheveled Mr. Jones answered his summons.

"What do you want?" was his ungracious greeting. "I thought I told you you were wastin' your time."

"Mr. Jones,"—Robert was already inside—"now let's talk as man to man. My uncle won that five hundred gambling, didn't he?"

Mr. Jones' eyes were surprised. "I thought he'd want to keep that a secret. He has for ten years."

"Can you play well?" Robert pointed at the little dotted square on the floor.

Mr. Jones laughed. "A sight better than I did ten years ago."

"So can I."

"Say, young feller, are you—"

"What kind of a sport are you, Mr. Jones?" Robert interrupted.

Mr. Jones' eyes lit up. "A good one," he said.

"Are you willing to play me for that five hundred?"

Mr. Jones looked as if he were going to refuse.

"The debt is cancelled if I lose. Doubled if I win. How about it?"

The two men looked at each other steadily for a long minute. It was the look of two gamblers.

"You're on," said Mr. Jones quietly.

Robert's hand shook a little as he picked up the dice. What if—Then he looked at his opponent and laughed suddenly. Why, he couldn't lose. He threw the little cubes.

The Redwoodians who saw the young stranger retrace his steps down Main Street that morning were positively amazed. He walked briskly, his head towards the sympathetic, sapphire sky, and he was whistling merrily. Nor did their amazement decrease as, when he came in front of J. Taylor's General Store, he burst out laughing. But their curiosity was as strong as their astonishment, as they watched him swagger into the grim little office opposite.

This time Robert did not wait for the pleasure of his uncle. He sauntered over to the littered desk and said cheerfully, "Hello, Uncle Sam."

Uncle Sam looked up and was plainly surprised. "You're early, Robert."

"I thought I ought to come as soon as I had finished," he answered airily, as he drew something out of his pocket. "Here's your \$500. Oh, I know you said I could keep it, but I have my own \$500."

For the first time in several years, Lawyer Richards' mouth dropped in sheer astonishment. As soon as he could, he stammered, "But how?"

"Oh, merely a little trick of mine." Robert was swaggering toward the door.

His uncle rose and came swiftly over to his nephew. In his shrewd eyes now there was crude admiration. In this keen dealing, he saw workmanship after his own heart.

"Hold on, Robert; I said if you succeeded, I'd keep you on here, and I will."

"Nothing doing, Uncle. I'm off for New York. Somehow I feel awfully lucky. Thanks, anyway. Goodbye."

As he spoke he left the little office, and then the good citizens of Redwood who were standing in Mr. Taylor's doorway saw this queer stranger do a very odd thing. They saw him tip his hat jauntily to the frowning law office and say loudly,

"So long, Redwood."

Miriam Mirmow



The Yardarm

THE lamp above the captain's large oak table swung rhythmically back and forth, keeping time to the slow, undulating movements of the ship. The only sounds to be heard were the gurgle and splash of the water outside, and the occasional creak and groan of the ship's timbers. Yet this was not quite all, for at wide intervals the strange and oppressive silence was broken by the hurried footfalls of someone running on the deck above.

The only occupant of the room was a man of perhaps middle age, who sat in a massive arm chair at the head of the table. The fitful gleams of the swaying lamp revealed a pair of kindly gray eyes, a small but well moulded nose, and a mouth which was set in a firm, tight line. His hair was almost snow white, yet there was an indefinable something about his face which belied the evidence of his white hair and gave the impression of a man in the prime of life. He was rather small as seamen go, yet despite his slight stature, his kindly steel-gray eyes and his firm mouth showed him to be a man capable of enforcing his will under all normal circumstances. His right hand was resting upon the arm of the chair, and his large, clumsy fingers, which were ridiculously out of proportion to his size, rose and fell methodically, in rhythm with the gentle swinging of the lamp. He glanced from time to time at the companion-way, with a tense air of expectancy.

Presently heavy footfalls were heard above, a door creaked, and a man descended into the cabin. At this the captain rose and faced him with a very faint sigh of relief. The man who entered was large and thick set, but his features were not coarse. He was a young man and his hair and eyes were almost jet black. The contrast between him and the captain was striking.

"Have a seat, Nelson; I've been waiting for you," said the captain in a soft resonant voice. He set an example by sinking back into his chair and motioning his first mate to a chair opposite him.

"Well, Captain," said Nelson as he leaned forward with his elbows on the table, "what I have to report is not at all favorable. On the contrary, it is very unfavorable. I'm afraid your worst fears are correct, sir. Conditions among the crew are getting worse by the minute. That half-breed cook we picked up at Singapore is at the bottom of it, I feel sure. If he didn't have so much power over the rest of our crew, we'd put him in irons; but as things stand that would only bring them down around our heads like infuriated beasts. I'm afraid, sir, that if something is not done, and very soon at that, they will break out in open mutiny before morning."

Having delivered this ultimatum, he leaned back in his chair and waited for the captain to speak.

"It looks pretty bad for me," he said, talking to himself rather than to the first mate. "Yet there may be, there must be some way out. This means a lot to me, in fact it means about forty years of hard upward climbing."

"From a greenhorn deck hand I worked up, and now, on my first command, my reputation is at stake and all on account of that beast of a half breed cook, who holds the entire crew in his filthy hands. There *must* be some way out!"

He said this with fierce determination, and his firm mouth became more compressed and his eyes narrowed slightly.

"Tell me everything you know about this man Yohandra," said the captain as his eyes searched the room restlessly as if hoping to find some means to get himself out of this predicament.

Nelson bit his lower lip and coughed half apologetically. "Really, sir, I'm sorry but I know practically nothing about him except that he applied for his job while we were loading supplies in Singapore. We were in need of a good cook, and since we knew nothing of his character, we took him on. He's a fiend all right and he knows right well that we two can't hold off the whole gang of 'em. Nothing we could say would scare him either. The only time I ever saw that man when he looked scared was about two nights ago. One of our new longshoremen was spinning a yarn about some kind of a ghost. It seemed to get under Yohandra's skin and he actually looked pale. That's nothing much, though, for all seamen are superstitious, I am myself."

When Nelson had finished, the captain's eyes ceased their searching and focussed themselves intently upon the speaker. For the space of about five minutes neither spoke. The lamp above the table still swung back and forth, and the ship rocked gently in the light swell. The ticking of the ship's chronometer could distinctly be heard. The first mate's shadow, on the wall at his back, stalked slowly and silently from one end of the room to the other, as the lamp continued its slow, monotonous swinging.

Finally the captain broke the silence, speaking again, more to himself than to Nelson.

"It's just an ideal night. The silent calm and the dense mist which enshroud us are perfect. I see no other way so we must try it. Yes, we will try it; and if it doesn't work, I miss my guess. Nelson," he said, suddenly rising from his chair, "can you make a dummy or a scarecrow, or something that might pass for a corpse in this dense fog?"

"Yes, sir, I am quite sure I'll be able to. At any rate I'll do my level best. What do you want me to do with it?" A gleam of hope had come to him for he had full confidence in the master of the ship.

"I want you to have that scarecrow hung from the yardarm by eleven-thirty at the latest. It is now ten o'clock and a lot can happen in an hour and a half." The captain was now pacing up and down with his hands behind his back.

"You may go and do that right now," he resumed, "and on your way, stop by the galley and tell that Yohandra that I have a dozen bottles of Madeira wine, that date back about thirty years. Perhaps he and maybe one or two of his friends would like to help me test them. Don't let on we suspect him, or that we have seen anything. This is just a friendly invitation, you know. As a last warning, be sure that dummy is hanging from the yardarm by eleven-thirty."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded Nelson, as he rose from his seat and started toward the companion-way. "I wish you success in your scheme, whatever it is," he added as he climbed up and left the cabin.

Captain Orland went to a cupboard and withdrew a dust-covered case of bottles. These he set on the table, and after doing so he turned his lamp down somewhat. The cabin now assumed a dismal and more sinister appearance. The slowly moving shadows were made less distinct, and in the semi-gloom they took on weird and fantastic shapes. He seated himself in his chair and awaited his guests with an anxious heart.

They were not slow in coming, for Yohandra, knew good wines if he knew anything at all. This half-breed was the first to enter, and he had two hardy seamen with him. He was an imposing figure and he walked with quite a swagger. His face was a strange mixture of Mongolian and Italian; it was almost impossible to guess his nationality. His skin was a dark yellow, and his black eyes were overshadowed by a sinister pair of even blacker eyebrows. He gave the captain a nod and made a grimace which no doubt was supposed to be a smile, but it had more of the effect of a sneer.

"Ah, Captain Orland," he said suavely, while he bowed very low and very ceremoniously, "It ees a one grand pleasure, to drink tonight with you. Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow—." He left his sentence unfinished, and emphasized the speech with a shrug and another attempt at a smile. He and his two men seated themselves at the table.

The captain acknowledged the thanks of the half breed and asked them very cordially to be seated. They would have wine at talk, even spin a few yarns perhaps, that is, if there was no objection.

They drank and they talked, and at length, the captain got around to tell an old story which he thought they might like. Yohandra was willing to hear the story. Anything the captain wanted was perfectly all right, for was not the captain master of his ship? Here the half-breed gave vent to a low, metallic laugh which was not at all pleasant to hear. He added, however, that wine was better than stories, so he would do well to make it brief.

This group of four, around the captain's table, three husky seamen and a small, white-haired captain, was indeed a strange sight, for the dim light of the lamp cast a weird, almost ghastly light on all faces. And still the lamp swung rhythmically, and the shadows on the walls moved slowly and silently back and forth.

The captain began in a soft, low voice, so soft and low that it suggested a whisper, coming from far off. The ticking of the chronometer and the breathing of the men could be heard above the voice of the narrator.

"You boys don't know much about this ship, but I do. I've sailed on her for many a year, and I love her like my own flesh and blood. On one voyage,—must have been about fifteen years ago,—some mighty queer things began to happen. We had a cook then whose name I have forgotten. He was a good cook, Yohandra, but, of course, not so good a one as you, and besides this he didn't like the way the captain ran things. He took affairs into his own hands, this man did, but things didn't come out exactly as he had expected and he was hung from the yardarm of this vessel, shortly before midnight. It was a foggy night and I can never forget how that corpse looked, swinging there at the end of a rope. He swung slowly back and forth, as this lamp is swinging now," he added as an afterthought. He glanced around to ascertain the effect of his words. All of the men

shifted nervously in their chairs and Yohandra was excessively nervous. He clasped and unclasped his hands rapidly, and the captain saw that his hands were trembling violently. He glanced at the chronometer. It was eleven-forty-five.

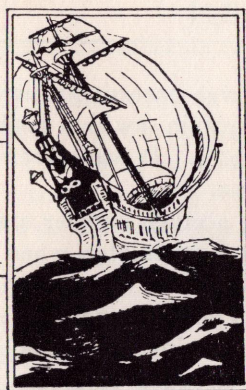
He resumed his story in the same low monotone.

"But that was not the end of it. I would be a much happier man if it had been, but it wasn't. One dark, foggy night about a week later, when I came up on deck, I saw a corpse, hanging from the yardarm. I was scared almost to death. If you don't believe it look at my hair. The thing made no sound, just swung back and forth. Every time I see this lamp swinging I think of him. It was horrible! The same thing has happened at irregular intervals, and every time I see it, I hope I'll die before it comes again. Some say it's coming back from the Beyond is a warning to others who might want to follow his example. I don't know what it comes for. I only know that it has appeared time and again, and that it is horrible to look upon."

Here he let his voice trail off slowly into silence. The effect of this tale was far beyond his expectations. Yohandra was trembling from head to foot and his face was very pale. His two companions were also greatly overcome by a fear of that great unknown. The half-breed rose from his seat, and his knees shook. He asked in a feeble voice if the light couldn't be turned a little higher. The captain arose and raised his hands to the lamp as if to regulate it. In so doing his hand slipped and the light went out. The absolute darkness of the cabin was the climax to the captain's vivid tale. Yohandra let out a deep, low moan, and fumblingly started for the companionway, which could be seen as a pale white, misty blotch at one end of that chamber of Stygian darkness. The cook and his two companions scrambled shakily out, and stood on deck, looking wonderingly about them. The half-breed was about to mutter some command to the sailors on deck when he raised his eyes to the forward deck. There, shimmering eerily in the mist-filtered moonlight was the body of a man, hanging limply at the end of a rope attached to the yardarm. The whole ship was enshrouded in an erie pall of mist, which glistened dimly in the faint rays of the moon. The corpse hung there in the mist, swinging slowly back and forth, keeping time with the rolling of the ship. Suddenly the silence was broken by a fierce scream and Yohandra, with his hands over his eyes, ran madly to the edge of the bulwarks, cleared them in a leap and fell with an audible splash into the sea. Some one threw him a life-saver at the end of a rope and he was hauled in. The captain who was standing at the foot of the companionway muttered to himself something about the mate having done his work well. The thing actually made his flesh creep.

He returned to his cabin and relighted his lamp. He sat back in his chair and congratulated himself upon his good fortune, for if he was any judge of character, he knew that Yohandra was going to be of no more trouble. While he sat thus musing, heavy footsteps were heard on the deck above and Nelson came panting into the cabin. He did not give the captain a chance to speak, but said excitedly, "Captain, I tried to help you as much as I could, but while I was fixing up that dummy in the forecabin, someone closed the hatches and I couldn't get out before a few minutes ago, when the hatches were reopened. You must forgive me, sir, but I was absolutely unable, under the circumstances, to hang the dummy from the yardarm. It is still in the forecabin. Do you want me to string it up now?"

Robert Browne



POETRY

Disillusion

I saw the towers rising high—
And lofty 'neath the evening sky,
Upon its shadowed heights—the sun—
Its soft-rose, gleaming gossamer spun.

O'er all was peace and purity
And splendor, while the darkening sea,
Rolled on with murmur hushed and low,
Unchanging in its ebb and flow.

But on the rose horizon came—
A rising wind—the lightning's flame!
I laughed with scorn—no tempest's might—
Could fling those towers to the night!

But on it came and lo! it flashed
And broke the sturdy beams and dashed
The crumbling battlement to earth.

In ruins now I see them lie—
And so 'tis said our hopes must die,
To bring us trial and dismal strife—
That we may seek the heights of life.

E. R. NicholSEN '32

Friendship

Friendship is that lovely gift,
That some of us ne'er find;
But those who do, are happiest—
When they pay back in kind.

Betty Bickford '34

Spring's Gift

The mystery of mist-hung hills and grey-hued rock
And swirling rain, and gusty pungent wind—
Enthralls me, lures me on thru silent paths—
And soothes my weariness to instant peace.

And in the rose-hued, blue fringed twilight sky,
And softly scented bier of the day—
I find a peace and joy of deepest worth—
An ever-glowing promise of new life.

E. NicholSEN

Sea Fever

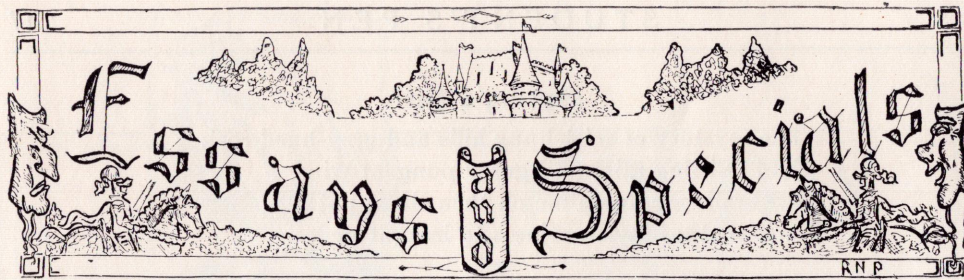
With wild, exultant freedom comes the call—
Of tossing waves upon a rocky main—
And in my longing soul, their rise and fall—
Outthrobs my pounding heartbeats, and I'd fain—
Leave the stifling breadth of cloistered vale—
And scan a new horizon 'neath spread sail
Feel the salty spray upon my brow—
And toss a gladsome cry back to the sea—
Or stand in quiet peace at sunset's hour—
And hear the wind's sweet, gentle dirge on high—
And find that in my heart there's joy and rest.

E. R. N.

Spring

I love daffodils;
I love narcissus when he bends his head
I can hardly keep March and Spring and Sunday and daffodils
Out of my rhyme of song.
Do you know anything about the spring
When it comes again?
God knows about it while winter is lasting,
Flowers bring Him power in the spring,
And birds bring it, and children.
I tell Him how I used to study the stars and the moon He made,
And flowers in the dark of wood.
Nobody must be sad or sorry
In the Spring time of Flowers.

Gertrude Campbell '34



A Defense of Day Dreaming

I WONDER if there are very many people in this world who never day dream. If there are those who claim that they do not, I think it is because the term "day dream" has come to mean wasting time foolishly. That is not the meaning I am thinking of. I speak of day dreaming as planning those things which you would like to have happen or things which you intend to do. Then the term takes on an importance not often acknowledged.

I like to day dream. One trouble is I usually start dreaming right in the middle of an important explanation of a Ciceronian passage or in the midst of a hard logarithm problem. Otherwise, I don't see why day dreaming is considered harmful.

I know that I have sometimes planned a whole day's work or a new dress or a new plan for my room or something similar when I am supposed to be studying for a test. I do not doubt that many other people have done likewise.

I imagine that several of the great achievements accomplished today were figured out when some great man's mind wandered from the work in front of him.

However, if someone starts dreaming when her cake is in the oven or when his car is before a red light in the middle of the main street, then the results are likely to be disastrous. It would be rather difficult to start telling a policeman that you were sorry but you were in the habit of dreaming at various and sundry times and that you would try not to do it again. He might not believe it or, worse still, he might believe it only too readily.

It is quite embarrassing to be thinking of a movie you saw the night before and suddenly to hear your teacher say, "Isn't that so, Miss ———?" When this happens, it is usually wisest to say, "Yes, sir," and let it go at that. If that doesn't work, merely keep silent next time and watch the teacher put down either F or zero for you.

If a person is determined that day-dreaming is all right and that he will continue to do it as much as he thinks he can, everything may turn out well for him if only he can remember that "There's a time and a place for everything." I think the best thing for him to do is to keep right on as he has in the past.

If you like to dream, dream; if you don't like to, don't criticize those who do.

Jean Roser

Suffering for Friendship

FROM time immemorial man has suffered for friendship. The story of Damon and Pythias, for example, is a portrayal of Pythias' loyalty when he offered himself as security for his friend who was to be executed by Dionysius. I am also a Pythias: I have musical friends.

There is William, who plays the piano; Donald, the trombone; Dennis, the trumpet; George, the violin; Walter, the saxophone; and Raymond, the clarinet. All are healthy young men who believe that failure to practise is an unforgivable sin. Donald, Dennis, Walter, and Raymond possess a vast amount of lung power. William has unbreakable fingers. George has an arm that never tires. Their repertoires vary from the popular numbers of Victor Herbert to the melodies created in Tin Pan Alley. Since these boys are my friends, I have heard them on many occasions, (too many) and I have unconsciously acquired the manners of a martyr.

It requires considerable histrionic ability to listen, with a broad smile of satisfaction, to their musical endeavors. To convince the boys that my mien is serious, I have adopted four different types of smiles. Smile Number One is to be employed to express delight for excellent entertainment. Numbers Two and Three will reveal to the boys that their music is fair. Number Four is a faint attempt which says, "Not so good." One must never use a frown, especially when friends are involved. Thus do I conceal my suffering.

But my suffering is beneficial in that I am becoming patient. To be able to avoid being tactless is often an asset. While my friends play for hours, I endeavor to make myself comfortable in a cozy Morris chair or in the pantry of the musicians' homes. When asked for criticism I merely nod, exclaim, "Wonderful!" or make some statement to the effect that there is marked improvement. I must always be present as the boys are interpreting the "St. Louis Blues," "Tiger Rag," or the latest Gershwin song hit. Day in and day out the instruments function properly despite my prayers. So I continue to use the four smiles, awaiting patiently that blessed day when the boys find other hobbies more alluring.

I have tried to create enthusiasm for some other pastime but to no avail. Because the boys have studied music for years, they cling to it with bulldoglike tenacity. Their parents once compelled them to perform for bored visitors, but the radios now introduce to the public the newest melodies and the finest dance bands. It would be an honor to be able to play like Slim Blowhard, the trumpeter of Tom Brown's Hot-Cha Club Orchestra. An incentive for incessant practice is the possibility that the Knights of Rhythm might need a saxophone player for the job at a Cumington barn dance. Such golden opportunities prevent me from interesting my friends in any other type of youthful enthusiasm.

When my patience will have been exhausted, I expect to find that my suffering is harmful. After hearing the song "Was That The Human Thing To Do" played ten times an evening with certain parts mercilessly rehearsed again and again, I feel the notes pound against my eardrums until far into the night. And I want to sleep. When Morpheus eventually comes to me, I have visions of grunting tubas, screaming trumpets, and thumping drums. The following day I sullenly isolate myself from all acquaintances. Perhaps in my solitude I may turn on the radio. What happens? I hear "WAS THAT THE HUMAN THING TO DO" as interpreted by the Samson Horseshoe Nail Orchestra by special permission of the copyright owner. A day has been ruined. The rest of the household regards me suspiciously with thoughts about padded cells.

Indeed I am a Pythias!

E. J. M.

Did You or Do You Know?

DID you ever throw down your pencil and exclaim that there never was a more difficult problem than yours? Well, perhaps after I have had my little say, you will reconsider your opinion.

In the first place, let me ask a few questions. Do you know how far distant the last star is? In which direction does it lie? How long would it take to go there, (if you could)? Just to help you in answering these first easy questions, let me remind you that the star, Canopus, is only three hundred light years* away; that is to say, the light you would see were you to look at Canopus left that star just about the time the English were settling in Jamestown. To travel the distance to this star on our earth, it would be necessary to circumnavigate it just four billion, one hundred sixty-one million times, or a total of one quadrillion, thirty-four trillion, four hundred billion miles. To say the same thing another way, if forty years from next year, you should happen to see Canopus shining brightly in the skies, you could say to yourself that that light left the star's surface one hundred years before Lord North and the English abolished the Grant System of Taxation in the colonies; that it started for the earth at a speed of one hundred eighty-six thousand miles a second and still is just getting here. And then remember that it is possible that five or six years after the light started which will get to earth in 1973, the planet exploded so that now there is no star of Canopus at all, and there is nothing behind the light.

But speaking of nothing, let's get down to something hard to answer. Let us say that Canopus is the most distant star (which it isn't) and also let us say that in 1680 the star exploded. This will leave, after that last light has arrived in 1980, an empty space past the last star. Then what is beyond? If it is nothing, what is nothing? How far does it extend? What lies beyond it?

And then after you have struggled with the conception of infinity so much that you just can't sit still, let us cut down to smaller distances and measurements: the ounce, the grain, the molecule, the atom, the electron, and perhaps the radio-tron, so small that its existence is calculated only by theory, and its size measured in inches with the decimal point followed by ten or a dozen zeros before the first one.

Now that you realize how large and how small things are, just figure out your problem; and remember, that it isn't so hard compared with that of the scientist.

Davis Phinney '32

*Book of Knowledge.

The Art of Eating Popsicles

POPSICLES are found abundantly in school cafeterias. They are consumed in large numbers by poor school children, including myself. When completely devoured, they give one the satisfaction of being full, but in order to eat world of patience is needed.

I myself have eaten Popsicles time and again. I try to eat them a new way each time, so that in time during my struggle I may discover a really good method and then spread it to my suffering schoolmates. It seems as though my search is in vain. If I try to hold the Popsicles upright, the weight of the ice cream is too heavy for the thin stick, and soon the cake is on the floor. This, I must confess, is very embarrassing for a senior. The next attempt is to hold it sideways and start chewing at it from the bottom, but this again is all wrong. I soon find the ice cream all over my dress. Ah, I have it, an idea! Why not buy the Popsicle and ask for a plate. In this way I can put the ice cream in the dish and eat like an ordinary human being. I ask for the plate, but the lady behind the counter tells me curtly that she cannot grant me that privilege, and so I go to my seat and start the struggle all over again. This time my neighbor's sweater receives the ice cream.

Will my search never end? Shall I never be able to show my poor suffering schoolmates a way to eat Popsicles? Just now, I feel that it must be done. I feel that I must show the school that somehow Popsicles can be eaten with ease and comfort and poise.

Doris Evzerow '33

Looking Down

HAVE you ever stood in the early dawn at the edge of a mountain top and looked down? Some time ago, I experienced that unforgettable thrill. What magnificent things I saw as I gazed down from my lofty perch—sights I had previously believed did not exist in this every day life of ours.

I was apparently viewing a sea,—marble white, yet flushed with the palest of gold, ruby, and emerald. Serene and placid it was in the early morning light, like a lake with rippling curls of foam playing about its surface.

Then, as the first, dazzling impression left me, I realized that I had been merely gazing upon a sea of clouds—an unusual sight to me, yet one which the mountain dweller can witness at the dawn of each day. Soon the sun would draw away the mystic billows.

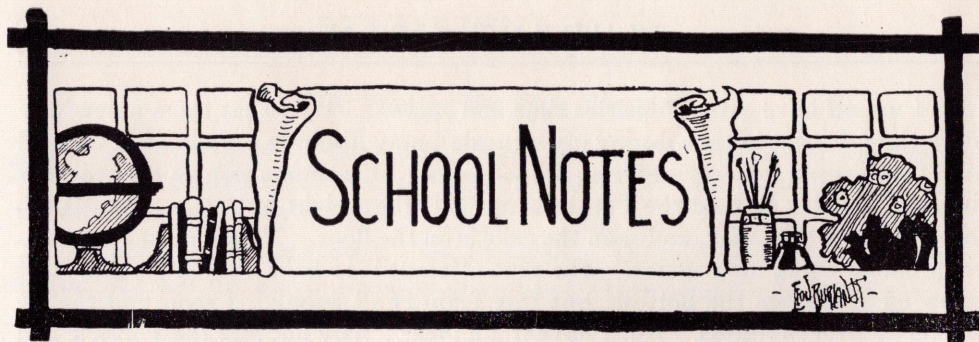
The mist was breaking up; already the sun was a mammoth ball of flaming red in the eastern heavens. A cloud, passing by, was suddenly caught in the savage east wind to be torn asunder and carried away like a spray of water in a storm at sea.

Suddenly I looked down—down upon the rare expanse lying far beneath me as the surging clouds melted away in the mist of the morning.

Far below, houses, tiny as ant hills dotted the green patchwork, here and there were small groves of trees, and barns and fences. How very, very far below and how ridiculously small the whole view seemed!

If you have never seen this wonderful sight, glimpsed by a few fortunates, you have missed a picture no artist has yet satisfactorily painted. For it is a lovely vista, that of the rolling, swelling mists, the microscopic buildings, and minikin forests.

Donne Morrison



Oratorical Contest Held at Assembly

Interest ran high in the art of oratory when the young public speakers of the school met in friendly contest before the student body on March 31, 1932 to decide who will represent Pittsfield High School at the County Championship contest. Each of eight boys—no girls contested this year—delivered his speech in hopes of winning the favor of the judges which would make him champion of the school and entitle him to compete in the county contest. Each speaker was allowed the customary four minutes to develop some theme having to do with our Constitution.

William Greenwood, making his last appearance in these high school contests, spoke with the ease and poise of a veteran and received the unanimous favor of the judges, who were Miss M. E. Pfeiffer, Miss Rachel Morse, and Mr. Martin L. Huban. Greenwood's topic was "The Constitution, our Heritage." Albert Secunda, a sophomore, making his first appearance, placed second, receiving honorable mention of the judges.

Those other orators who competed were: Walter Bass, Harold Burch, Bruce Burnham, Charles Carswell, and John Green. Principal Roy M. Strout presided, and the high school orchestra played several selections before and after the program.

The orators were coached by Mr. Edward J. McKenna of the English Department.

The Etiquette Club

Judging from the response of the pupils, boys as well as girls, the Etiquette Club appears to be one of the most popular clubs in the school. In fact, so large was the club that it was divided into three sections in order to give each member the better opportunities of a smaller club.

Each section of the club meets in its turn in the Household Arts department where Miss Harvey gives talks on table etiquette. Interesting discussions follow each lecture.

While one section is meeting with Miss Harvey, the other two are discussing social etiquette with Miss Kaliher, Miss Parker, and Miss Hodges.

It is the aim of the club to learn the etiquette necessary for the average person through talks by the advisors and through club discussion. A cordial invitation is extended to any student who desires to join this club.

Virginia Keene, P. G.

The Faculty Play is Well Received

With a very successful presentation of the mystery drama, "The Thirteenth Chair" by Bayard Veiller, our faculty made its first concerted effort in dramatic entertainment. An enthusiastic audience of well over a thousand attended and this should encourage further productions by the faculty.

Miss Parker, our Dean of Girls, very nearly "stole the show" by her clever playing of the difficult part of Madame La Grange, an elderly Irish medium, whose belief in God was far more powerful than the tricks of her mystic art.

Prominent among the others of the large cast were Miss Downey, as Helen O'Neil, private secretary to Mr. Roscoe Crosby, and Mr. Joyce, as Mr. Crosby's son, Will, head-over-heels in love and engaged to Helen. These parts were played with the poise and finesse of professionals, perhaps due to their experience with the local Players' Guild.

Mr. Canavan, as Roscoe Crosby, acted the part of a wealthy gentleman with nonchalant ease, while Miss Enright, as his wife, played her part with grace and charm. Edward Wales, a close friend of the family, whose murder took place during Madame La Grange's seance, was played by Mr. Hennessey. Mary Eastwood, a "tell-all" guest who doubted in Madame La Grange's mystic powers, was played especially well by Miss Musgrove. The part of Helen Crosby, Roscoe Crosby's daughter, was taken by Miss Millet, and that of her husband, Bradish Trent, by Mr. Herrick. Among the other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Howard Standish, played by Mr. McKenna and Miss McLaughlin, Elizabeth Erskine by Miss Ward, and Philip Mason by Mr. Arthur Goodwin.

Humor was supplied by Pollock, the butler, played by Mr. Sheridan, by Mr. Huban, Mr. Leahy, and Mr. Carmody, as a police inspector and his two assistants respectively.

Intensely dramatic scenes were provided when Madame La Grange's identity as Helen O'Neil's mother is revealed, and when Philip Mason breaks down and confesses his guilt as the murderer of Edward Wales, the ill-fated occupant of the thirteenth chair.

Other members of the faculty acted as ushers, and several students assisted. The high school orchestra presented several musical numbers as a prologue and during the intermissions.

Robert Morrison, P. G.

Seniors to Stage Play on May 13th

The Senior A class will present "The Royal Family," the popular satirical comedy by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber on Friday evening, May 13th. Miss Mary A. Kelly is coaching the production.

More than a hundred members of the class attended the tryouts. Everyone was given an opportunity to play any part he desired. Later, students whose scholarship standing was dangerous were omitted. Mr. Strout did not permit candidates for the baseball squad to participate in the play because too much extra-curricular work might keep a few students from graduating.

As there are two hundred and forty-two Senior A's, Miss Kelly found several candidates especially fit for certain roles.

The play portrays life in the Cavendish family, famous for its histrionic talent. Cavendishes, like most actors, are exceedingly temperamental, and the production creates much laughter because of its clever lines and amusing situations.

Scholarships for P. H. S. Graduates

Because only a few students know about the scholarships offered exclusively to deserving graduates of the Pittsfield High School, we feel that the following information will be of interest. These scholarships have, in practically all cases, a value of one hundred dollars a year. It is hoped that our graduates will take advantage of the opportunities presented to them.

College of New Rochelle

The Committee on Scholarship of the College of New Rochelle has offered to the girl graduates of classes of 1932 a scholarship of the value of \$400, one hundred dollars for each of the four years.

The College of New Rochelle is accredited by the Association of American Universities, the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Middle States and Maryland, and holds national membership in the American Association of the Universities of Women.

Further particulars may be obtained from Miss Nellie J. Parker, Dean of Girls at P. H. S.

Pittsfield College Club Scholarship

To a deserving, needy girl graduate of the high schools of Pittsfield, the Pittsfield College Club offers an annual scholarship of one hundred dollars. For application or further particulars one should see Miss Margaret Kaliher.

Berkshire County Smith College Scholarship

An annual scholarship of one hundred dollars is offered to a deserving girl graduate of any of the high schools of Berkshire County. For application or further particulars see Miss Margaret Kaliher.

John D. Hass Scholarship

In memory of her brother, John D. Hass, a graduate of Pittsfield High School and student at Williams College, Miss Alma H. Hass made a gift of \$20,000 to Williams College from which were established two annual scholarships. They were awarded to graduates of the public high school of Pittsfield, Mass., or, if failing candidates from this school, to graduates of any high school in Berkshire County.

Current Events Club Plans George Washington Program

Although there has been no general celebration of the George Washington Bicentennial held here in the school, the Current Events Club, under the leadership of Miss Casey, has made plans for a program in honor of our first president. The various members of the club have done much research in preparing talks on his birth, his education, his army life, his political life, and how all this bears upon our own economic, political, and military opinions of today.



Bits of Gossip Concerning Other Schools

A reception was held for the parents of freshmen of Commercial High School, Springfield, Mass. The parents were given an opportunity thus, to meet their children's teachers.

A sport enthusiast is the ardent advocate of having the football team of Commerce High insured. Is it a good idea?

Chess is quite popular at Cambridge Latin School, Cambridge, Mass. They are making an appeal for some chess team to come forward and challenge them. They have no one with whom to contest their skill. Perhaps they are too good at the game. The Annual Girl Dance was held recently and proved unique in that one half the girls came dressed as boys.

We wonder if there was much response to the Limerick Contest sponsored by the staff of the *Garnet and White* of West Chester High School, West Chester, Mass. The idea seems interesting.

The tickets for the Boston University Prom are only \$8.50.

The *Taconic* has no advertisements, thanks to the town fathers. These students of Williamstown High School, Williamstown, Mass. are hoping they will have a new school building in the near future.

Hudson is a town of many legends. The staff of *The Owl*, the Hudson High School publication, finds many interesting, historical items connected with their city to write about.

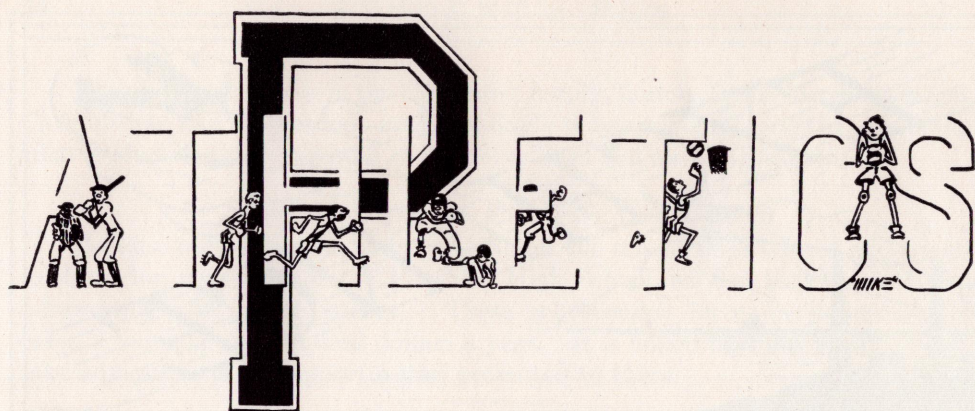
The students of Mt. Hermon School realize that it pays to advertise. This was true, at least, in the case of their Senior Play, which was a sell-out.

We feel certain that the faculty biographies published in the *Albany Cue* offer much of interest to the student body of Albany Academy, Albany, N. Y.

Pupils of English High, Boston, Mass. must be "on their toes" all the time to keep up with the many contests which are sponsored here. A snapshot contest is being held by the Camera Club. The annual poem, essay and short story contest will take place soon.

The photographs of the Fitchburg High School, Fitchburg, Mass. athletes in their younger years were published in the *Red and Grey* magazine. It was quite amusing.

There are many unique clubs at Brockton High School, Brockton, Mass. Among them are the Report of Congress Club, After Dinner Speaking Club, Business Administration Club, Agricultural Club and Story-Telling Club.



Baseball Not Dead at P. H. S.

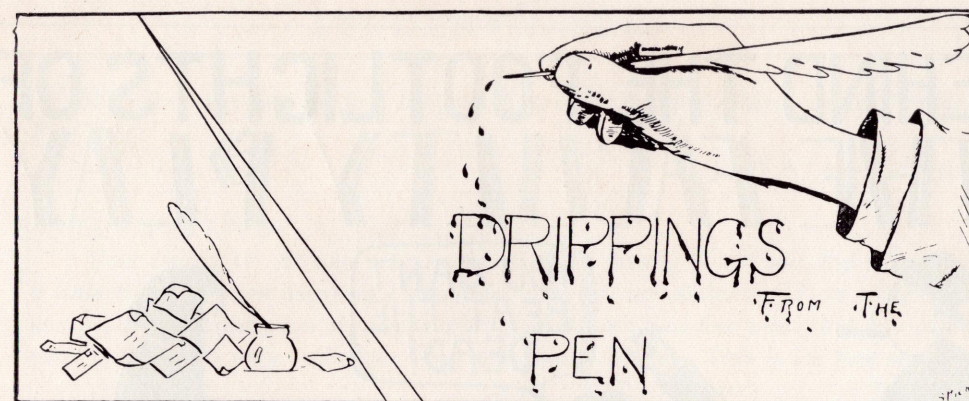
That baseball is not dead at P. H. S. was proved Monday, April 4, when more than one hundred boys reported to Coach Stewart in the school gym. It is apparent by this turnout that baseball has regained its popularity with the boys of P. H. S. All that is needed to make this season the greatest in ten years is pleasant weather. Cold weather has hampered high school baseball in recent years, but if there is mild weather during the latter part of April and all of May some interesting games with keen competition can be expected.

The prospects of this year's team are more promising than the last two years. Joe Servis, Ed Bonniver, Ed Hickey, Lew Wesley, Gorman, Floyd Engle, and Floyd Hinckley, this year's captain, are the letter men from last year. Captain Hinckley is slated for home plate. Floyd Engle seems slated for the initial sack, Wesley and Gorman will take care of the outfield, Bonniver and Servis are headed for the infield. Hickey will perform most of the time at pitching. Some of the outstanding candidates are: Capra, Caldarella, Ford, Sclater, Kozeberovich, Mele, Cosgriff and Joyce. Around these men, Coach Stewart will do his best to develop a pennant winning team.

Sam Boxer

How About a Track Team?

Many students who had the intention of devoting their leisure time to track, will probably be disappointed this season, as nothing, thus far, has been mentioned concerning the track team. The school has not tried to secure a coach or equipment for track, as the money has to be expended for baseball. Last year the track team had a successful season, winning many of the meets in which they participated. Track is a good and beneficial sport for any boy. The Athletic Council should find a way to encourage it and to see that a track team is started soon.



"—of shoes-and ships-and sealing-wax—of cabbages-and kings—"

The busiest place in the building between classes is the first floor stairway at the west end of the building . . . If you don't believe us, ask the traffic officers there . . . We always wonder how it is that Mr. Herrick and Mr. A. W. Goodwin can walk by the traffic officers during the first lunch section. The answer is that they pay protection money and therefore are allowed to go by . . . We advise against trying to muscle in, though . . . The only place one can do that is in the lunchroom, and then only if you have a drag . . . Try saying, "It's a nice day," and you can get through alright . . . If the P. G.'s would only leave a certain couple to themselves, some progress might be made, but at present it looks rather hopeless for those two juniors . . . Give them a break P. G.'s . . . Mr. Goodwin may have cut Latin prose assignments in his Vergil class, but it's a wonder he hasn't cut somebody's throat in his fifth period Cicero class . . . In our poll for the most handsome member of the faculty, a dashing hero on the third floor is in the lead . . . It looks like a close race though, for he has a majority of only fifteen . . . We are expecting more votes from the girls, so this is not definite.

* * * *

The tightest man in the world is the one who bought his wife a set of paper plates and an eraser.

* * * *

That ever watchful investigator, Sidney Morey, showed us this piece in a travel magazine:

A group of tourists were looking into the crater of Vesuvius and were annoyed at the boiling mass.

"Isn't that just like hell?" exclaimed an American.

"Ah, Yee Americans!" remarked a Frenchman, "Where have yee not been?"

* * * *

To prove that America is a melting pot, take Miss Warren's Spanish IV class, consisting of boys and girls of Spanish, Jewish, Irish, Italian, German, French, English, Scotch, and Polish ancestry.

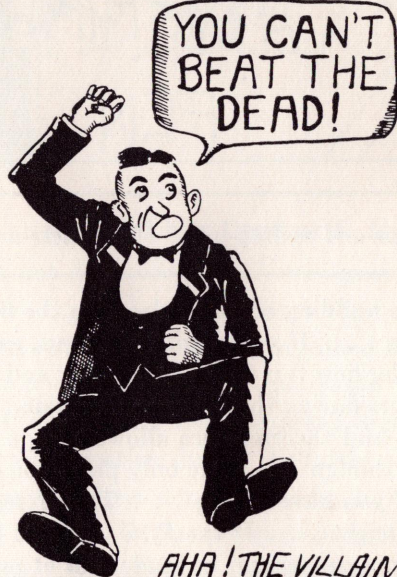
* * * *

Mrs. Lynch was recently seen driving the famous "boiler" of her scientific husband. It seems that Mr. Lynch is not eager to drive after a thirty-five minute trip from Albany with Fred Brazee and the Debating team.

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS OF THE FACULTY PLAY



SERGEANT DUNN
(MR. LEAHY)
WHAT A MAN!



AHA! THE VILLAIN
HIMSELF! ABOVE, YOU
SEE MR. A. P. GOODWIN—
EXPERT KNIFE HURLER—
IN ONE OF THE STIRRING
SCENES OF THE 13TH CHAIR



MADAME ROSALIE
LA GRANGE
MISS PARKER



MISS FRANCES DOWNEY
AND MR. JOHN (GILBERT) JOYCE
AT THE BEGINNING OF THE
FIRST ACT

IRVING
MICHELMAN

REMEMBER—

MR. HENNESSY'S CORPSE?
MR. CARMODY'S LOVELY BROGUE?
MR. HUBAN DISMISSING
MR. CANAVAN?
MR. SHERIDAN'S SIDEBARDS?
LIGHTS OUT?
MADAME ROSALIE LIFT-
ING THE TABLE WITHOUT
GRASPING IT?
MR. HERRICK REFERRED TO
AS HARMLESS?
THE KNIFE HANGING FROM
THE CEILING?

We were surprised to find the following letter for this column in the "Student Pen" box:

P. H. S. April 12, 1932.

Dear Dripping's Editor:

Your line is O. K. and your news about the faculty is not bad, but what about a little life and more amazing facts about some of our students. It is evident that you are trying to impress the sophs with your sly wit and fine puns, but you cannot cater to the sophs only. Give the upperclassmen a break. This is the first warning!

V. T. Nerriari

"Butch" to you.

P. S. I will save the nickel a week to buy Ballyhoo if you don't snap out of it.

B.

This is quite astonishing. We hope that no violence is attempted. It looks like we had better lock the doors at night now.

* * * *

A third floor typewriting teacher has dreams about her P. G. class . . . Mr. Herrick received a bouquet because of his fine work in the faculty play . . . He intends to sell what he received and make a little money . . . Good luck, Mr. Herrick, you'll need it!

* * * *

Censustaker: "What is your son's income?"

Mrs. Baker: "From two to two-thirty A. M."

* * * *

Jimmy never smokes cigarettes in bed.

* * * *

Last month we asked you about the Bowtie song. Our important question this month: What did the mother cannibal say to her husband after he had eaten her favorite child?

"Was that the human thing to chew?"

* * *

A Scotch student was asked how many cigarettes he smoked a day.

"Oh," he replied, "any given number."

* * * *

Greenwood and Michelson attended a local theatre recently. Michelson sat down in a seat in front of a little boy who started screaming and continued to do so for five minutes. Said Michelson to Greenwood, "That kid is making an awful racket."

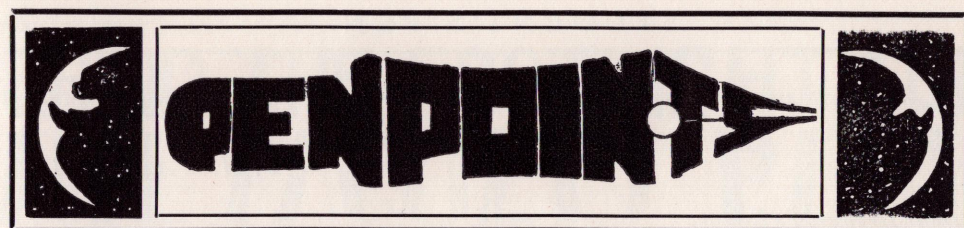
Whereupon a lady in the back row whispered to Michelson, "Pardon me, but my little boy has his foot caught in your seat."

* * * *

And Greenwood can't forget the occasion.

* * * *

Chiodo nearly had a nervous breakdown attempting to figure out how Miss Parker ever lifted a table with her palms, in "The Thirteenth Chair." Some one came to the rescue and enlightened the miserable boy.



Irishman: "And in what country were you born?"
American: "In the greatest land on earth."
Irishman: "Faith, sir, but you've lost your accent."

* * * *

Miss Prediger: "This is the third time you've looked on Jones' paper."
Dixon: "Yes, he doesn't write very plainly."

* * * *

First Kangaroo: "Annabelle, where's the baby?"
Second Kangaroo: "My goodness, I've had my pocket picked!"

* * * *

Jack: "And now, dad, that I've told you I'm going to marry Martha, there's one more thing I'd like to get off my chest."
Father: "What's that?"
Jack: "A tattooed heart with Peggy's name on it."

* * * *

Mrs. Turner: "George was certainly brave to crawl under the bed to fight that burglar."
Mrs. Burner: "When he crawled under the bed he thought the burglar was in the dining room."

* * * *

Miss Kelly: "Have you had any stage experience?"
Woitkoski: "Yes, I had my leg in a cast once."

* * * *

Mr. Canavan: "Give an example of cut-throat competition."
"Ed" Michelson: "A barber shop."

* * * *

Judge: "So you were caught red-handed with this bundle of silve ware, eh? Whom did you rob?"
Crook: "Two fraternity houses out at the college grounds, sir."
Judge: "Aha! Orderly, call up the downtown hotels and have them identify this stuff!"

* * * *

A high school girl tripped into a cigar store to buy some cigarettes for her boy friend (?).
"I want some cigarettes," said the girl.
"Cork?" asked the clerk.
"Is that better than tobacco?"

It was the race and the owner was giving Kellogg a dressing down.
"A fine jockey you are," he said, "Didn't I tell you distinctly to come away with a rush at the corner? Why didn't you?"
"What," yelled Kellogg, "and leave the horse behind!"

* * * *

He: "Do you kiss high school boys, Irma?"
She: "That's my business."
He: "Well, how's business."

* * * *

"When Bob tried to kiss me last night, I was so astonished I nearly—" "Nearly what?"
"Nearly stopped him."

* * * *

Reveller: "We're getting home awfully late last night this morning."
His Companion: "That's all right. We'll sleep until this evening tomorrow."

* * * *

Controy: "How did Albie hurt his knee?"
Ramsay: "Well, do you see those steps over there?"
Controy: "Yes, I see them."
Ramsay: "Well, Albie didn't."

* * * *

"They say Helen is a spiritualist."
"Yes, she certainly can raise the devil!"

* * * *

R. Dickey: "When you told Jack you'd be a sister to him, what did he say?"
E. Finn: "He had the nerve to ask to borrow my car so that he could take another girl for a ride."

* * * *

Tubbs: "I stopped two boys from fighting."
"That's fine. How did you accomplish it?"
"I licked them both."

* * * *

Employer: "Look here, what did you mean by telling me you had had five years' experience in a bank when you'd never had a job before?"
Jack Davison: "Well, you advertised for a man with imagination."

* * * *

Little Lilly: "Mother, do all fairy tales begin 'Once upon a time?'"
Mother: "No dear, some begin 'I'll be working late at the office.'"

* * * *

"The rapidly increasing divorce rate," remarked Mr. Canavan, "indicates that America is indeed becoming the land of the free."
"Yes," cut in Paul Dixon, "but the marriage rate suggests that it is still the home of the brave."

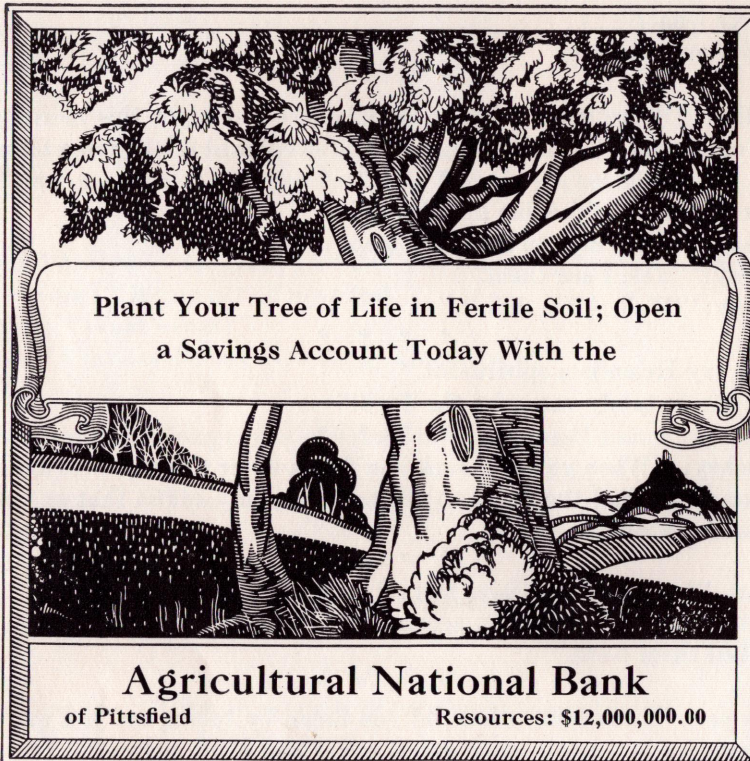
* * * *

Book Fiend: "Have you a book in stock called 'Man, the Master?'"
Saleslady: "Fiction department is on the other side of the store, sir."

Toasted Sandwiches

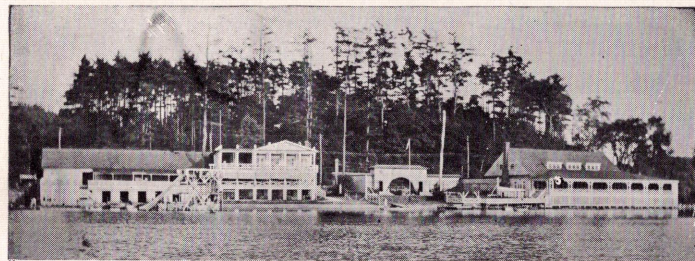
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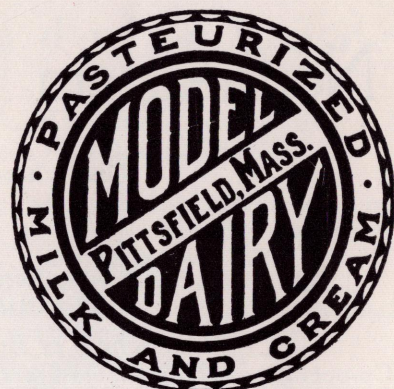
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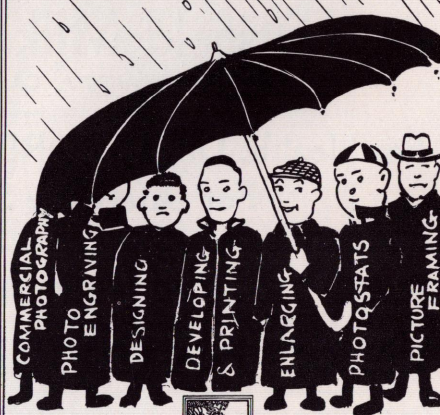


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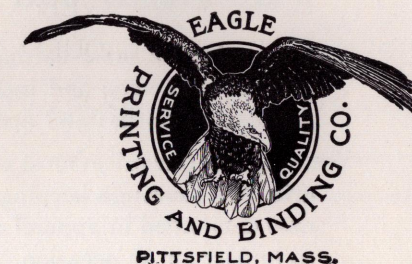
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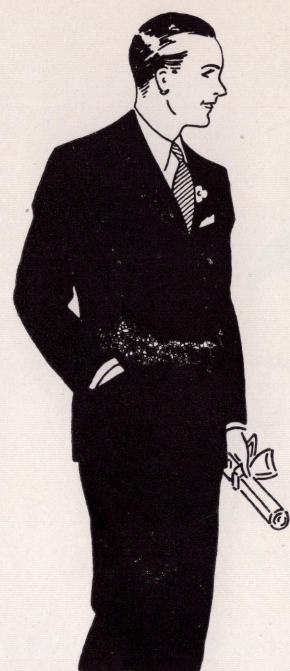
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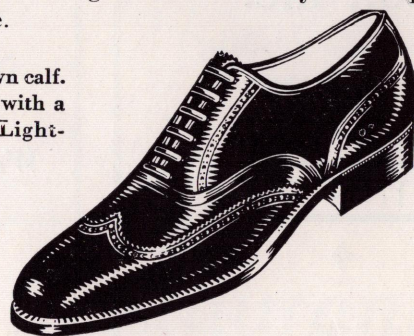
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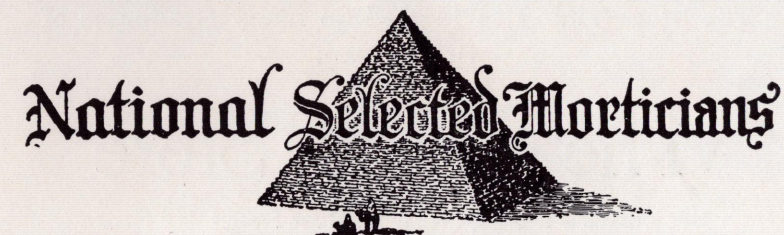
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